

INT. EIDOLON VINTAGE - DAY

A friendly little bell rings as CHLOE enters the shop. She's twentyish, in a floral vintage dress, bangs dark and blunt.

It's dim in here, lit only by the orange glow of mismatched lamps set haphazardly among the racks of clothes.

Chloe runs her fingers along the hems of a few dresses.

She walks further in to a table full of trinkets and picks up a hand mirror, the edge inlaid with shells.

Chloe inspects herself in the mirror, fusses with her bangs, turns the mirror just so and—

Someone is RIGHT BEHIND HER.

Chloe WHIPS AROUND with a little SHRIEK but—

It's just the SHOPKEEPER, a fortyish woman, blonde hair up in a ponytail, smile set to customer service.

SHOPKEEPER

I simply adore your dress! Tell me,
dear, how much do you want for it?

CHLOE

(Still shaky)

Oh... thank you, but I could never
sell this. It was my grandmother's.

SHOPKEEPER

Well, that's a shame! Let me know
if I can change your mind.

The shopkeeper slips away back into the racks.

Chloe keeps browsing, walking past several MANNEQUINS. They look a bit like the shopkeeper and she does a double-take.

Chloe picks up a scarf and wraps it around her neck, then finds a full-length mirror to get the full effect.

Pale hands reach around and pull the scarf tight, TOO TIGHT.

Chloe's face purples, eyes bugging out, and her neck CRACKS.

SHOPKEEPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't let a find like this pass
me by. I'm sure you understand.

The mannequins move to surround Chloe. They carry her body into a rack of clothes and then fade into nothing.